## NEW PLAYS FROM LONDON.

A RIOT OF PARCE IN "THE NEW BOY" AT THE STANDARD.

Richard Mansfeld Finds a Curious Charac-ter in "Arms and the Man" at the Herald Square Theatre-Red-hot Stuff in "Old Glory" and "The Brooklyn Handiesp." The play with which Richard Manafield opened the Herald Square Theatre last evening was Arms and the Man," whose author, Bernard

Shaw, is certain to be interesting, whether he writing on musical subjects, seeking the countessence of Ibsenism, or engaged in the propaganda of Fabian doctrine. The comedy comes to us from London with the appetizing reputation of having puzzled its audiences as to whether Mr. Shaw meant to be taken seriously or not, but from the demeanor of the spectators in the theatre last night there was no such uncertainty in their minds, The play proved a very entertaining piece of extravagance, and offered a great deal that was genuinely witty along with bits that were unspeakably silly. Its satire is kindly, and whether it were or not, the figures about which it plays are so far removed from actuality that it could never prove bitter in the

The serious speeches of the play occur almost without exception in the lines given to two servants, and they of course contain the effective expression of social doctrines that Mr. Shaw has often advanced by other means. The cynicism in the rest of the play is of the kind which has become so familiar in recent English writing in which the attitude is that of the indifferent observer, and the conclusions are carelessly flippant. But in Mr. Shaw's case it is the carelessness of art, and his expres-sion is clever enough to amuse at the moment, and gain, moreover, the tribute of a second thought. His humor is Gilbertian in its whim-

The audience last evening was obviously very much less entertained by the discussion of the social questions than in the comedy of the rest of the play, and there is enough of that to amuse any one who finds pleasure in witty talk and unconventional treatment. There is not much action in the comedy, and its first act much action in the comedy, and its first act consists almost entirely of one long dialogue between two characters, although the scene be-gins spiritedly. It will also be necessary for the spectator to do some little thinking, and his pleasure will not be made quite so easy for him as it has been in most of our popular connedies. The fun is prepared, but the spectator must digest it himself.

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Mr. Shaw lays the scene of his play in Bulgaria, and his characters, with the exception of a Swiss officer in the Servian army, are natives of Bulgaria. The scene may as well have been laid in Siberia, for the satire on Bulgarian life and customs is rather poor stuff. Nobody cares how often Bulgarians wash or how thin their veneer of civilization may be, and Mr. Shaw's satire is interesting only when its field is the whole of human nature. The Servian officer, in his efforts to escape from the Bulgarians who are pursuing him, climbs into a young lady's bedroom and finds shelter there. Subsequently he returns to the house of her father, who is a Bulgarian Major and a friend of the officer. He stays there long enough to win the affections of the young woman away from her betrothed lover, who also fought with the Bulgarians.

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Mr. Shaw makes this young woman, Raina, a very charming fraud, who talks a great deal about what she calls "the noble attitude" and doesn't really feel or mean a bit of it. Her mother differs from her only in the matter of years. Louka is a discontented maid, and her more seriously cynical associate is a male servant. Sergius Saranof the lover, is a more pretentious fraud than Raina for he talks more about himself than she does, and takes himself more seriously. Capt. Bluntschii, the Swiss, is the one genuine cynic of them all, for he is the only one that sees through the frailty of the others. When the weak and false Sergius is bemoaning the mockery of life, it falls to Bluntschii to sum up the author's philosophy in the lines: "Now he's found himself out." The world is all right, and the toublet to the least the condition. the author's philosophy in the lines: "Now he's found himself out." The world is all right, and the trouble of the people in the play is all with themselves, and it comes when they find themselves out.

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Mr. Shaw makes one or two of his men talk very cynically about war, but what they say is not of interest to us, in whose life war is no such element as it is to Europeans. The talk of "the chocolate-cream soldier" sounded very silly throughout, and if anything puzzled the audience last night it was this. But their conclusion as to the entertainment which many of the scenes afford was well defined.

Mr. Mansfield played Capt. Binatechli in the spirit of police burlesque, which is probably the only treatment that could have made it interesting. It is not a long rôle, nor as important as some of the others, but Mr. Mansfield succeeded in making a characterization of it, marked strongly by the mannerisms which grow every year more noticeable in his work. The attractive rôle of Maine was gracefully played by Beatrice Cameron, and she generally gave admirable effect to the author's lines. The intent was always understood, but there was an occasional indecision in her acting that marred the effect of scenes. She often seemed to have fallen into the mood of the London audiences, and falled to decide whether it was all really serious or not. Mrs. McKee Rankin acted the mother with delightful humor and finish. Others in the cast were Amy jously and Henry Jewett, who acted earnestly.

and finish. Others in the cast were Amy Busby and Henry Jewett, who acted earnestly. but without any particular subtlety, a quality very necessary to a successful performance of the part Miss Busby undertook. Mr. Mansfeld, at the close of the second act, made a graceful speech which seemed to indicate that he had fallen into the spirit of the play and was look-ing at things from Mr. Shaw's point of view.

A new "romantic drama" was exploded in five acts at the Grand Opera House last night to the delight of the gallery and the friends of the author. A race track scene and two Broadway cable cars were the occasion for it, and the old effects were brought up to date by calling the combination "The Great Brooklyn Handicap." Dr. Rice saved the hero's honor, and by that token the audience knew that it was up to date. Besides the hero's unfortunate-complications differed from the old and well proved ones. When horses first began to appear in the "profession" the winner was expected to lift the mortgage from the farm if the stage manager attended to his business and started him on time from the wings. This up-to-date hero, however, had not only misappropriated \$5,000 from a bank in some mysterious way, but he also went fooling around his father's house at night just as the villain was stealing a necklace or diamonds. They were large diamonds, and they might easily have carried a plate-glass fragranger.

Insurance.
Of course, the hero was caught, and the villain escaped by the aid of some red whiskers and a rear window. Luther B. Clews was the depressed father of the hero. He awoke from the effects of drugged wines which had been administered by the adventuress just in time to miss the villain and catch his son, as the gallery, being wise, knew that he would.

his son, as the gallery, being wise, knew that he would.

That was only the beginning of young Mr. Clews's trouble. He had to make love to the advecturess, and the gallery knew that she was a real bad woman. Perhaps it may be said by way of apology for the young man that his methods of love-making when the adventuress was the target, surgested the well-known school of Aleeb, the automaton chess player. When he placed his arm around her ample waist and made a fan of his hand on her back he emphasized his burning words of love to her by making well-studied gestures to ward the audience with his other hand. There was a girl whom young Mr. Clews had once loved and given up, who schemed with several other persons and finally saved him from ruin and the adventuress.

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was a girl whom young Mr. Clews had once loved and given up, who schemed with several other persons and finally saved him from ruin and the adventures.

There was something explosive in every act, and there were five acts. In the third act, just as the viliain with the stoien diamonds was about to start for France in a read wason from the Imperial Hotel, young Mr. Cleus and a female Iriend grabbed him, and a street fight followed. Two cable cars were run on the stage, and then how the gallery did cheer, and some people down in front called loudly for "Author! Author!" The author appeared, and the bill said she was "Alice Elves, anthor of 'Lorine, '&c." After bowing pleasantly right and left she left the stage. In the next act there was a bicycle quartet of young women, who rode on the stage and lanced off. They wore costumes. There was also a dash of humor of the sitch-in-time-save-nine class, and then came the scene at the Brooklyn Handicap. It was effective, and there were half a dozon real horses with frightened imitation lockeys on them. The horses ran well, and again there were calls for the author, but they were on real horses with frightened imitation ys on them. The horses ran well, and again were calls for the author, but they were

a the last act young Mr. Clear squares his a secount with money won on Dr. Hice, and were the diamonds from the corsage of the cuturess. The villain is off the stage at the cilinax, and the audience is left to suppose that he was permitted to die of the cigarette habit. The members of the company, with the excep-tion of several of the horses, who housed as if they would start up Third avenue at two strokes of the bell, were not well known in New York.

drama which the Columbus Theatre had last night, is considerably involved. According to the programme, William A. Brady and Charles T. Vincent were 'its writers, but the bill also includes the suggestive line "Rewritten and mouth. Hotels all open. Through trains morning and evening by New York Control. - doc.

and Merrit. With all this uncertainty as to who was chiefly responsible for the play, there will be little likelihood of controversy, for it is one of those carelessly constructed melodramas which permits the most glaring inconsistencies and improbabilities, and still proves good amusement for audiences who overlook such faults. Its first act was located in a shipbroker's office in New York city; its second in the plaza of Valparaiso, Chill, before the office of the United States Consul; one of the third's two scenes was inside a fort, the second on the seacoast, and the last act took place on the deek of a Chillian privateer. The first act was aimost complete by itself, since it witnessed the complete discomiture of the villatnous plotters and an entire clearing up of the reputation of the innocent ones. Act number two then transferred all hands to Chill, and opened with a gathering of men and women in the plaza, who stayed to see and appland Senorita Tortajada and her troubadours. For fifteen minutes these entertainers held the stage, from which no word of dialogue had been spoken since the act began, and then quickly followed a song and dance by John A. Coleman and Louise Montrose. For this the natives did not stay; perhaps Coleman's great reputation in the variety shows had not reached them. Any way, they made way for his comical cavortings and for a graceful dance by Miss Montrose. Then it soon developed that all the villainy of the former episodes nad broken out afresh, and that the gool folks, being Americans, were likely to be overwhelmed because of the enmity of all Chillians for their Government. The villain of act one had considerately become a half-breed Chillian; his chief ali was a native Don, whose daughter he made love to and who was possessed of a dialect as telling as any ever attempted. After her first appearance, she quitted the stage with the remark; "My father will be furioso," and her later blends of English with the language of cigar labels was delightful. The names of the ships and naval officers which were concerned in the Itata muddle were made use of frequently, but there was no attempt at following that incident accurately. It served to introduce a representation of a man-of-war, and thus entitle the servation of a man-of-war, and thus entitle the piece to the designation of a naval meloderama. In the third act there was an escape by the beroine, Roselle Knott, over a chasm, across which there was a suspended only a single rope. She made the passage hand over hand safely and to the in two scenes was inside a fort, second on the seacoast, and the

There was a riot of farce in "The New Boy" at the Standard Theatre last evening. The audience knew what to expect, because this comic piece by Arthur Law had been played nearly a year in London, and it had been described as being like "Charley's Aunt" in the kind of ludicrous matter which it contained. Imported by Charles Frohman and presented at the Standard, the circumstances were all favorable to a repetition of the sort of success that "Charley's Aunt" had made. One in a hundred may fail to discern anything amusing in it, but the laughter of the ninety-nine will silence the grumbling of the hundredth. No harm will come of its foolery. There is nothing pernicious in it, and nothing unwholesome. It makes no appeal to common sense, and so it can stand the condemnation of those who would crunch it with heavy criticism. Nothwithstanding the sultriness of the weather, which made the theatre a humid torture chamber, the audience laughed at the drollery and humor, which, though thoroughly

English, did not prove puzzling to New Yorkers, The misadventures of a dignified little man in the guise of a schoolboy constitute the effectual comicality of Mr. Law's play. The plot is that the old bachelor head of an academy, knowing that the husband of his cousin and former sweetheart has died, invites her to become the matron of his establishment, with a view to ultimately making her his wife. But she has wedded again. She is loath to lose the advantages of the situation. Her husband is younger than she, and of small stature. She puts him into the clothes of a boy and introduces him as her son. He is rejuctant, but consents, and the boys of the school haze him unmercifully, the master subjects him to corporeal punishment, he is taken to court for stealing apples from an adjacent orchard this tormentors having compelled him to do it), and is sentenced by the magistrate to six stripes, but he thereupon confesses his identity, and is restored to his sedate, seemly, adult manner of tranquil life. His sufferings have lasted long enough, however, to yield all the merriment that could well be derived by any playwright from them. It is not so much of a comedy as "Charley's Aunt." not so much of a comedy as "Charley's Aunt," nor so much of a play of any kind, for it sticks more closely in all its scenes to the Nac Boy, while the Aunt diverges from her to give matter to other characters; but it is a very funny farce, built on a fresh conceit, and it is played, undoubtedly, quite as well as it has been in London. The company formed for the purposes of "The New Boy" is entirely suitable. W. J. Lemoyne, lent from the Lyceum, was uncertain and ill at ease, as he often is on an opening night, but he may be depended on to make the best of his rôle, which is that of a voluble and humorous hypocrite. Frederic Robinson imparted desirable dignity and authority to the schoolmaster. Willis Searle, a sufficiently droil and diminutive comedian, imported from England, played the deceptive husband, and Helen Kenmard was contrastingly stately as the surreptitious wife. The girl who firted at the school with the husband, believing him a boy, was acted with charming naturalness by Jessie Busley, and the French tutor exasperated by her conduct was performed by George Backus.

## WHY HE WAS GLUM,

And the Painful Process by Which He Becovered Good Spirits.

"I remember the case of a friend of mine, which shows how easily one can worry over the small things of life," gaid a well-known club man recently in conversation with a SUN reporter. "My friend is a candy manufacturer, you would know him if I mentioned his name. He started in a small way, but by hard work and strict economy managed to put his business on a good paying basis.

"Some time ago, as a sort of an 'ad.,' he had some sticks of candy, longer and thicker than the ordinary, made and placed in big glass jars outside his store. He regarded them with satisfaction, and thought it was a cheap 'ad.,' as the whole lot had not cost probably a dollar. A few days after I met him, and noticed a worried look on his face that I had never seen before. I questioned him, but he replied evasively. Finally he unbosomed himself as follows:

" 'You will be very much surprised to hear how small a thing has caused great uneasiness of mind. You remember those sticks of candy I had made and put in jars outside the store? Well, they are the cause of my worry. One day had made and put in jars outside the store? Well, they are the cause of my worry. One day as I was entering my store it occurred to me that I might have made the candy into regular sticks and sold them in the course. I tried to argue with myself that they were there as an ad., and that the cost was so slight that it could make no difference. But it did no good. However I looked at it the fact remained that I was out so much. You know I am not a close man, but that candy worried me all day, and when I went home I made everybody miserable by my glumness.

"Finally I told my wife, and she advised me if I felt that way to try to make up the cost in some way. The next morning i started to walk down to my business. I walked back in the evening and walked to and fro all the week. At the end of the week I had saved enough to pay for that candy. I was now beginning to feel ike my old self and began to defy the candy to give me any more uneasiness. Alas, when I went down town again and saw those wretched sticks standing in the lars, the old feeling came over gue, and I was again miserable. Well, I tried every scheme for saving enough to pay of my smoking. I carried my lunch, gave up smoking. I carried my lunch gave worthat to give in.

""After two of the most miserable weeks I have ever gone through I took the jars down, took out every stick, and said something under my treath. If you had been around you would have seen me carry a bundle to the river after every one had left t

Shot Himself in Central Park. A park policeman heard the report of a pistol on the east drive of Central Park at Ninety-ninth street early last night, and found the body of a man lying across the driveway near that point.

The man had shot himself in the heart. He was about 45 years old.

A small book, containing the names of the officers and members of the Myrtle Wreath Lodge, No. 31, was found in the man's pocket, and led to his identification as John Hemstrom, a Swedish cabinet maker, who lived at the Puritan Rotel, Howery and Delancey street. He was out of work.

A SAMPOGNA IN BROOKLYN.

ORGAN GRINDERS CANNOT COM-PETE WITH IT.

The Sampogna Player and His Companies Musicians, with Their More Primitive Instruments, Attract a Crowd Wherever They Go-Forced to Quit France Beenuse of Caserto's Crime - They Can't Play Here Because They Can't Get a License

Brooklyn retoices in a band of Italian musiclans, recently forced to leave France because of the prejudice against their race due to the assassination of President Carnot by Caserio, who abbor the organ and essay to delight the ear with more musical, if more primitive, instruments, which they play with skill. The unique costumes and peculiar musical instruments of the performers cause a sensation in the Brooklyn streets, and they are followed about by crowds wherever they wander.



SAMPOGNA, WITH DRUM AND CYMBALS AT TACHED,

The chief of the newly arrived musicians plays what is known in Italian as the sam-pogna, or shepherd's bagpipe. It consists of the whole skin of a sheep or goat, which is made

convict driven in the freadmill. The action is somewhat similar. The woman thumps the tambourine until a crowd forms, then she moves around soliciting coppers. The uniforms worn by the musicians are the same as those in use in the Italian infantry. The coat and trousers are of dark green trimmed with red, and the hats are low crowned and oval shaped, with straight brims and a bunch of green feathers curling over the top like a rooster's tail.

The mountaineer musicians were found in the heart of the Italian colony in Main street, Brooklyn, yesterday by a Six reporter. They were surrounded by an admiring crowd of Italians, and all the residents in the neighborhood were either hanging out of the windows or gathered in the open doorways. At the appearance of the musicians all business in the vicinity was suspended. The little group made considerable noise for a while, and then a collection was taken up and it moved off down the street.

An organ grinder was dolefully grinding out "Sweet Marie" near the corner of Water street when the mountaineer musicians happened along with their lively and unique strains. They stopped within twenty feet of him, and started in with their plaintive airs. In a moment the organ grinder was deserted, and a big crowd gathered around the more attractive players. The organ grinder moved closer to the crowd and kept whirling the handle around in such a vigorous manner that it seemed as if he were bound to twist it off. He scowled at the sampogna and its companion instruments and whirled the handle around more fiercely than even. The sampogna player simply smiled and kept up his droning. Then the organ grinder who was naturally an Italian, became exasperated and shouted a jargon which was unintelligible even to his countrymen at the sampogna player. The latter only kept on smiling and droning, and finally the organ grinder gave up in despair and moved off amid the laughter of the crowd.

A trolley car with passengers from Catherine Ferry came along, and the driver stopped alongside the sa

# From the Lewiston Evening Journal.

When nature does anything in the vast northern Maine wilderness, she does it on a grand scale, and now comes news of a landslide there, comusared with which the famous avalanche of the Crawford notch was but child's play. One evening not long ago, during one of the heavy thunder showers, lightning struck the summit of Mt. Baker. Mr. Randall, who lives alone in his camp about five miles from the mountain, heard amid the crashes of thunder a long-drawn roaring unlike anything he had heard before. It startied him so as to drive sleep from him during the night, and in the morning he started out to find whence the sound came. One giance at daker Mountain solved the myster. Thousands of tons of rock, loosened probably by the lightning shock, had ploughed a trough an eighth of a mile wide from summit to base of the peak. For several miles the enormous trees had been swept before the avalanche and buried under twenty-five feet of gravel. The news reached the lower-settlements a day or two later, being borne by the thick, muddy water that changed the character of Lyford Ponds, Silver Lake, and Pleasant River. An expedition started northward to learn the cause of this mud, and heard the whole story at Randail's camp. scale, and now comes news of a landslide there,

"Mammoth Cave. in Kentucky, is getting to be a gigantic beelive." says a Cincinnati man. "The last time I went through the cave I took both the long and short routes, as they are called. At several places there were rather too many bees for me to feel entirely comfortable, although I was not attacked by any of them. If the cave should be explored for honey, some rich finds would undoubtedly be made. The bees are increasing constantly."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

# Oyal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

PIRE COUNTY GAME PROSPECTS. THE BEAR DUG OUT THE GROUND.

Some of the Observant Hunters Tell What They Are-Deer and Bear Pientiful. MILFORD, Pa., Sept. 17.—"The fact of the matter is," said Mad Bensley of Delaware township, the famous Pike county hunter, "there are more signs of bear in the woods this fall than there are signs of deer. I don't know why it is, but bears are getting more numerous down our

way and deer scarcer."

This seems to be the fact in other parts of Pike county, if the reports that have come in during the past few days are true. C. P. Mott of Milford, one of the most observing of all the Pike county sportsmen, returned the other day from a trip that included many of the best hunting regions, and says that the signs indicate much disappointment to the deer hunters this season, but give great promise to those who have an inclina-"One reason why bear are increasing in the

Pike county woods," he says, "Is because all the old bear trappers are dead or retired from the business, and no one makes a business of cap-turing bruin in Pike county any more. Time was when our woods and laurel patches had bear traps scattered about in them everywhere, and all the places where bruin had his haunts and the paths he was wont to travel while going to them and coming from them fairly bristled with these strong-jawed iron implements, waiting for shaggy victims. Scores of bear were bagged in this way every year, and, as the trappers and hunters respected neither age, size, condition, nor sex in their quest for their favorite game, it in time became scarce; in fact, hardly ever to be found in the Pike county woods. But one by one the old race of bear trappers and hunters died, or were incapacitated by age to follow the bear trail, and there was no new race to take their place. The bears soon found this out, and they began to reappear in their old retreats and to increase and multiply under their new advantages, until they are more abundant now in the county than they have been any time these thirty years, and if some one doesn't rise up against them as of old they will be running

monty than they have been any time these por good, which is made at right by tying up the apertures in the skin, and it is a strength of the s

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.-Major-Gen. Nelson A. Miles will be transferred to the Department of the East on Nov. 8, with headquarters on Governor's Island, N. Y. He will succeed Gen. O. O. Howard, who will be retired on that day. Gen. Miles returned on Friday from his shooting trip West. Accompanying him were Mrs. Miles and their son. Senstor Sherman. Capt. Mauss of the General's staff, Dr. Ilaly, and Mr. Daly of Pittsburgh.

"Yes. I expect to leave Chicago soon," said Gen. Miles to-day, "Gen. Howard's time expires early in November, and the understanding sthat I am to succeed him at Governor's Island.

HOG. But the Groundhog Had a Surprise for the Bear, Mays Jones Carter,

Norwich, Pa., Sept. 17.-Jones Carter of Spring Hill saw a bear do a lot of work the other lay that surprised him, and after the work was all done he saw something that surprised him still more, and the bear got the worst of it all around.

Carter, having discovered where a groundhog had its burrow in a piece of woods, went out and hid near the burrow with his rifle, to watch until the groundhog poked its head out of its iole. Carter had waited but a short time when he heard a noise in the bushes, and pretty soon out walked a rather good-sized bear. He had heard that bears were systematic diggers-out of groundhogs from their burrows, but he didn't believe it, so he thought he would wait and watch this bear, for if it was true that bears dug out groundhogs here was a chance for this one to go right to work and try his skill. If the bear did so, then all Carter had to do, he argued, was to bide his time, let the bear dig the groundhog out, and then he could bag them both and save a lot of worry.

Sure enough, the bear went to sniffing at the groundhog's hole without delay, and, satisfying itself that the groundhog was at home, began work at once to unearth the fat inmate of the burrow. Any one who has ever followed a groundhog in its underground workings, even with the aid of a pickage, a shovel, a grubbing hoe, and a dog, knows how much of an ex-cavation he has to make before he overtakes the rapid little delver as he digs and burrows and throws the dirt behind him in his frantic efforts to escape from his pursuers, and how often such pursuit is futile. Carter knew this from experience, and that was the reason he was rather content to watch and wait for the groundhog to come out than to spend half a day bearding him in his den; so, while he was surprised to see a bear unhesitatingly undertake such a task, he had to chuckle over thinking how that bear would be astonished at the way he wouldn't be any nearer that ground-hog after an hour or so than he was when he

tightened the lock of the groundhog's teeth, and increased the pain they made in the bear's nose. So bruin trotted in a frantic sort of way up and down the ditch once or twice, the groundhog daugling from his nose. Then he sprang out and started in a wild and apparently hopeless way for the woods. Carter saw that now was his time if he didn't want to lose both bear and groundhog, so he put a bail behind bruin's shoulder. The bear tumbled, but got up at once and came directly toward Carter.

"I believe that bear knew he was done for," says Carter in relating the story, "because he looked so blame glad."

Carter shot the bear again, and that ended it. But the groundhog was alive and desperate yet. Carter killed it, but even then could not get its teeth loose from the bear's nose. As a curiosity, Carter will have both the bear's note.

hog's head mounted in that position.

QUEER FISHING AT BEECH LAKE. Bass and Pickerel that Jump Into Boats or

Are Shot in the Air, HONESDALE, Pa., Sept. 17.—Beech Lake is one of the finest of the 154 mountain lakes of this (Wayne) county, and black bass and pickerel are abundant in its waters. For some reason, though, neither bass nor pickerel have been biting in Beech Lake for a week or more past, which is entirely out of their usual course. But, since they have taken on the whim of not biting, both bass and pickerel have been seized with a singular craze for leaping high out of the water, especially at spots where fishermen are angling for them and trying to induce them to take either bait, fly, or troil. This unwonted freak of these fish is getting not a few of them into trouble. O. M. Spetting not a few of them into trouble. O. M. Spetting not a few of them into trouble. O. M. Spetting of Honesdale was trying all he knew how to catch either bass or pickerel in the lake the other day. All around him great big specimens of both fishes were leaping from the water, aggravatingly near, and apparently enjoying the fun they were having with him.

One bug pickerel in particular made himself especially conspicuous by his cavorting near Spettigue's boat. It came nearer and nearer and Spettigue took one of the oars intending to strike the pickerel with it if he could when it jumped again. But he was saved the trouble, for when the fish made its next leap it vaulted square into the boat and was promptly sat upon and bagged.

That same afternoon a three-pound bass jumped into the boat and was promptly sat upon and bagged.

That same afternoon a three-pound hass jumped into the boat and a companion shot a pickerel and a bass with a revolver while they were in the air. Power Budd was rowing on the lake when suddenly something thumped him in the back with force enough aimost to knock the breath out of him. He turned around to see what had hit him, and discovered a pickerel twenty inches long dopping on the bottom of the boat. The big fish had chased his boat and hurled itself like a stone out of a catapult against Budd's back, and was undone by his folly.

Several other instances are reported of bass and pickerel jumping into boats on Heech lake, or narrowiy escaping landing there by their strange leapings, during the past week. It is said that folks have taken to laying for these crays acting fish with shojguns, shooting them on the wing, as it might be called. No since they have taken on the whim of not biting, both bass and pickerel have been seized with a

Stalwart Young Kentuchians. From the Ashland News.

Will Brown, a young cattle dealer of Carter county, was in the city Thursday last, accompanied by an older but smaller brother. Will is only 19 years of age, but measures aix feet seen inches in height. His little brother, who is, however, the oldest but the smallest of the children, stands moslestly at six feet two inches.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

# A LEAK IN THE BATHROOM.

THE HOUSE PLOODED IN THE FAMILT'S ABSENCE.

The Water Running for a Long Time Hefore It Was Noticed by a Neighbor, Into Whose Cellar It Had Intruded-Carpets, Cettings, Furniture, and Pictures Rained -The Loss Between \$4,000 and \$5,000

Mr. Henry Altenbrand, President of the New

York and Brooklyn Malting Company, closed up his house at 141 Hancock street, Brooklyn sarly to June and went with his family to Lake Hopatcong, where the family is still sojourning. He took careful precautions, as he supposed, before his departure to prevent any mishap to the premises during his absence. The pictures and rich furniture throughout the house were covered with muslin. spreads were put over the velvet carpets, and the scuttle and windows were fastened and darkened so securely that it was not possible for a drop of rain or a ray of sunshine to penetrate Finally Mr. Altenbrand paid a visit to the neighboring police station and arranged to have a policeman try the front door and windows each day so as to guard against a burglarlous invasion. As the house and contents were fully insured against fire and the house itself as firmly constructed as to resist the ravages of the fiercest wind storm in this latitude, Mr. Altenbrand went off to the country in the fancied security that his home would be intact on his return, or at least that his interests in it were fully guarded. When he gets back, however, he will discover

that he was mistaken, and that his failure to consult his plumber before leaving the city vill make a hole of \$4,000 or more in his bank account. Like most householders Mr. Altenbrand failed to have the water stopcock in the cellar turned back, and through the bursting of a little supply pipe in the bathroom several thousand gallons of the fluid which City Works Commissioner White has been so carefully husbanding during the summer months were let loose. They swept in a deluging torrent for a week or more through the second floor, a part of the

deluging torrent for a week or more through the second floor, a part of the parlor floor, the basement, and cellar. Just when the break in the pipe occurred and the water began to run waste has not been definitely fixed, but there is no doubt that the leak might still remain undiscovered had it not been that the solicitude of Mrs. Whitehouse, the wife of Lawyer S. S. Whitehouse, whose house adjoins that of Mr. Altenbrand, for the property of her neighbor was aroused.

On Wednesday morning of last week Mr. Whitehouse discovered that there was some water in his cellar, and fearing that there was some trouble in the pipes, summoned Plumber M. A. Malone of 1,273 Fulton street. Mr. Malone found the pipes all straight, and concluded that some rain had poured into the cellar through the rear opening. On Sunday Mrs. Whitehouse noticed that there was a peculiar dampness in the Altenbrand yard, although there had been no recent fall of rain, and notified her husband. Plumber Malone was sent for in a hurry, and on his arrival he and Mr. Whitehouse scaled the adjoining fence and looked through the basement window of the Altenbrand house. They saw that the basement was flooded, and could distinctly hear the noise of the water rushing through the house. They hooke in the basement door at once and stepped into a pool of water three or four inches deep. Plumber Malone realized immediately the cause of the trouble, and wading through the stream made his way to the cellar and shut off the water supply.

He and Mrs. Whitehouse then went up stairs, and in a few moments found that the water had been pouring through a break in the half-inch pipe leading to a tank in the bathroom, eight feet from the floor. It was a flimsy little pipe for such a big house, and not strong enough to resist the severe water pressure to which it was exposed.

for such a big house, and not strong enough to resist the severe water pressure to which it was exposed.

Mr. Whitehouse and the plumber stood aghast at the destruction which the water which poured from this little outlet had wrought. The fine carpets on the entire second floor were completely soaked through and the water had poured down through a dozen or more openings in the ceiling on the parlor floor, and thence to the basement, one stream going down the stairway and others through holes in the ceilings and alongside the wails.

Through a lucky freak of the water, the front part of the main parlor in which the most valuable furniture in the house had been piled up, was saved from the deluge, but in all other directions in the lower part of the house the devastation was complete. Most of the pictures were ruined, and the furniture, costly decorations, the library, and the cabinet-finished woodwork were all more or less damaged. Mr. Whitehouse and some of his neighbors spent several hours in getting things into some kind of shape, and yesterday the carpets, which are utterly ruined, were taken up.

"I never saw the like of this during my twentess, and I think it will cost Mr. Altenbrand be-

"I never saw the like of this during my twenty-five years' experience in the plumbing business, and I think it will cost Mr. Altenbrand between \$4.000 and \$5,000 to repair the damage," the plumber said. He thinks the break in the pipe took place about two weeks ago.

37. Altenbrand is not with his family at Lake Hopatcong at present, but is travelling somewhere out in Montana with ex-Supervisor-at-Large George Kinkel. He purchased the house from Senator W. H. Reynolds about a year ago,

From the San Prancisco Chronicle.

Post the San Prancisco Chronicle.

The normal nocturnal quilet of the Palace Hotel was rudely disturbed last evening by the unprovoked assault of a ward of the Count John of Alena de l'ite de Cuba upon an unoffending Hibernian. The Irishman yelled and cussed, and the ward of the Count scratched and screeched, while, at a safe distance from the scene of the battle, the fair inmates of the Palace stood huddled together, shivering in their chemises de nuit.

Above the hubbub of the combatants the commanding tones of the Count were heard, followed by the rattle of a chain, the cessation of hostilities, and the utter collapse of the Irishman. When all was over the burly detective of the Palace, with a body guard of twelve ebonyhued waiters, stealthly crept round from the elevator on the Market street side to the central court and there nabbed the Irishman red handed.

Explanations followed in the room of the Count while the Irishman bound up his red, scratched hand. It appears that the Count was anxious to visit Monterey to display there to the vulgar gaze the banjo-shaped cluster of diamonds and the huge watch fob which weighs half a pound. He did not wish to take his ward with him and so engaged a gentleman named Pat Walsh, who was wearing a ready-to-do-work-of-any-kind sign round his ward, and in the hail-fellow-well-met style not uncommon to Irishmen. Pat advanced, and, chucking the ward under the chin, asked his name. At the time the ward was taking into the phonograph for the amusement of Peter Bigelow, who was chattering amicably with his newly made acquaintance.

The apparently harmless inquiry of the Irishman was angrily resented. The ward attacked Pat and Pat flew, falling in the corridor of the botel. The Count rushed after the pair, and, setzing the chain, dragged his trained Javanese monkey back into the room. Tho Irishman was more scared than hur.

## The Chameleon Spider,

The Chameleon Spider.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"It has always been a hobby of mine," said T. L. Grimshaw of Raleigh, N. C., "to collect strange bugs and insects during my travels, and I think I have succeeded in getting together a pretty choice collection. Of the whole assortment I think the chameleon spider, which I got inst summer on the coast of Africa, is the most valuable. The capture of this insect was highly interesting to me. One afternoon, while tramping along a dusty road. I noticed in the bushes which grew along the side what appeared to be a singular-looking white flower with a blue centre. Stopping to examine it, I found to my astonishment that it was not a flower at all, but a spider's web, and that the supposed light blue heart of the flower was the solder itself, lying in wait for its prey. The mottred brown legs of the solder were extended in such a way as to resemble the divisions between the petals of a flower.

"The web itself, very delicately woven into a reactic pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath. Upon knocking the spider from his perch into the white gause net which I carried, my surprise was greatly increased upon seeing my captive instantly turn in color from blue to white. I shock the net, and again the spider changed color, this time its body becoming a duli greenish brown. As often as it would shake the net just so often would the spider change it color, and it kept it up until it had assumed about every hue of the rainbow." From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Lightning Took His Shoe. From the Chicago Datty Tribune.

From the Chicago Dutty Tribune.

Fred Dreyer, flagman at the Union street crossing of the Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railroad, is wondering how he escaped instant death last night when lightning tore off one of his shoes and painfully burned his foot. When the storm came up he took refuge in the switchman's tower at one side of the crossing. He had been there but a few moments when a flash of lightning blinded his eyes and he was thrown to the floor of the tower. He says he was numbed by the shock but did not lose consciousness. When the stroke passed he found that the shoe on his left floot had been torn off and that the bottom of his foot was burned by the current. The switchman was uninjured and there were no indications that the tower had been struck. Dreyer was taken to his home after he had been given medical attention. A few hours after the chock he had recovered fully from its effects except his burned foot.



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SAYS IT'S A PLOT OF THE MAPIA. Real Estate Dealer De George's Defence Against the Charge of Arson.

Michael De George of the firm of De George & Co., real estate dealers and insurance agents at 33 Liberty street, who was arrested of Saturday. was arraigned in Essex Market Police Court yes terday on a charge of attempted arson in the second degree. A hearing was given him in the morning, at which he pleaded not guilty. Fire Marshal Mitchel is the prosecutor. The chief wit-nesses are Assistant Fire Marshal Freel and Policeman Lenz. The defendant asked for a post-ponement of the case until he could secure the services as counsel of ex-Speaker Sulzer. Po-Hee Justice Simms adjourned the hearing until 3:30 o'clock. At that hour Attorney Armstrong appeared in behalf of De George.

The defendant was deeply affected by the charge. His son Anthony, who is a foreman in Brummel's candy manufactory, was with him in court. Attorney Armstrong said that



THE INCENDIARY CONTRIVANCE.

he could prove that there was a conspiracy against De George, by which some of his fellow countrymen sought revenge. He asked that the bail of \$5,000 be reduced, and that the hearing be postponed until he had time to con-

fer with his client. Fire Marshal Mitchel presented an affidavit. in which the prisoner is charged with attempting to burn the tenement 165 Avenue A. It states that three weeks ago the Fire Marshal received word that De George intended to move, to Morrisania, and that he had removed a part of his furniture to his new home. De George, it is alleged, intended to burn his goods in order to secure \$500 insurance placed in the Etna Company. Later it was reported that his wife company. Later it was reported that his wife and family had moved. On Saturday morning he left the house at 10:25 o'clock. Assistant Fire Marshal Freel and Policeman Lenn saw a light in the room and broke in the door. They found an ingeniously constructed contrivance by which the room would have been set on fire in a few hours. The defendant is alleged to have placed a lighted candle on a wooden chair. The candle was connected by a wax taper, supported by pins and strings with a pair of rubber overshoes, which contained a highly inflammable fluid. The defendant's clothes were scattered about the floor near the chair, and a sheet extended from the bed to a closet, where an end was attached to articles of clothing hanging in the closet. De teorge was arrested on his return at 11 o'clock at night.

Two of the witnesses against De George are Miss Amelia Miller, a tenant, and Mrs. Mary Amend, the housekeeper of the tenement. The witnesses say that they heard no one enter or leave De George's room from the time he left until he was arrested. The testimony is weakened by the fact that they did not hear Freel and Lenz force the door of De George's apartments when the burning candle was discovered by those on watch.

Anthony De George says that since his father was ill, some time ago, he has slept with a night lamp in his room, which he lighted with tapers. The light was made by floating a wick in cottonseed oil. A jar of this was kept in the room and was the only inflammable liquid in his father's apartments. On Friday his father purchased a quantity of the liquid in a drug store on the corner of Third avenue and Eigteenth street. The young man says his father he a victim of the Maffa, which he has constantly antagonized, and the members of which have cordially hated him.

Justice Simms reduced the bail to \$3,000 and postponed the hearing until Wednessiay afternoon. Anthony De George left the court room with Attorney Armstrong to secure bail. The defendant was taken back to the jail.

The prisener's son says that his f and family had moved. On Saturday me he left the house at 10:15 o'clock. Assistant

SECOND ATTEMPT AT ARSON.

Cans of Oil in the Basement of a Trinity Place House, A second unsuccessful attempt to burn the house 26 Trinity place was made about 6 o'clock last evening. The first and second floors are occupied by a saloon keeper named Birker. The remaining three floors form an annex to the Ho-

tel Grütli, an immigrant boarding house. Mrs. tel Grütil, an immigrant boarding house. Mrs. Birker gave the alarm.

An unused woodshed in the celiar was found to be on fire. Two fruit cans full of oil were under the burning pile of wood, and the sides of the shed had been sprinkled with oil.

A month ago a mattress was innited by some unknown person in the celiar. The hallway is used only by the salessa keeper's family and three young men, who room in the rear of the second floor. They rent the rooms from the proprietor of the Hotel Grütil. The Fire Marshal was notified. No alarm of fire was sent in.

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